

All Britain Is Talking About "The Story of a Woman's Heart."

The Daily Mirror

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No. 3,240.

Registered at the G.P.O.,
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1914

One Halfpenny.

297 BOYS AND A BABY SAVED FROM A BLAZING TRAINING SHIP ON THE TYNE.



The vessel, which was one of the old "wooden walls of England," ablaze. The tugs which rescued the boys are standing by.

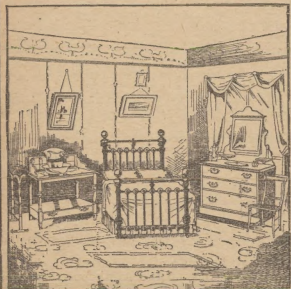


The vessel in a sinking condition. With a great hissing, she slowly disappeared from view five hours after the fire broke out.

H.M.S. Boscawen, known for many years to Tyneside residents as the Wellesley Training Ship, was burnt to the water's edge in Shields Harbour. No one was injured, and when the alarm was raised the 297 boys on board gave an excellent display of coolness and discipline.

One of the lads, when the flames increased their hold, ran to a cabin and brought out the captain's baby. Four boys, who were trapped, escaped by a porthole. —(Daily Mirror photographs.)

This Bedroom Handsomely and Completely Furnished for £5 : 15 : 0



Comprising Massive Brass and Iron Bedstead, Wire Spring, Mattress, Overlay Mattress, Bolster, Pillow, Toilet Chest of Drawers with Dressing Glass, Washstand, Chair, Towel Rail, Toilet Set, Brass Rail Fender, Art Bordered Rug.

Any quantity of new and second-hand furniture supplied from 1/- Weekly

STAR FURNISHING CO.,
Established 1879.

DALSTON HIGHBURY CAMDEN TOWN HOLLOWAY STOKES NEWINGTON HARRINGAY TOTTENHAM PALMER'S GREEN WALTHAMSTOW STRATFORD EAST HAM PECKHAM CROYDON FULHAM WALTHAM GREEN BATTERSEA SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA

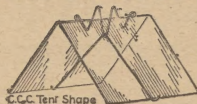
49 and 51, Ball's Pond Road.
247, Upper Street.
46, High Street.
142, Seven Sisters Road.
ROAD—171, 173, 175.
3, Grand Parade.
738, High Road.
9, The Market.
235, 257, 259, High Street.
Opposite Town Hall.
184-186, Rye Lane.
14, Crown Hill.
355, North End Road.
Opposite St. John's Church.
22 & 24, Battersea Park Rd.
Tyler's Avenue.

A TRAP TO CATCH SUNBEAMS.

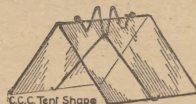
A PERFECTLY FASCINATING HOBBY FOR YOUR GARDEN.

Every Amateur Gardener should at once order a set of the new Chase Continuous Cloches, the most useful invention ever devised for making plant-growing a certainty. All seeds should be protected with

CHASE CONTINUOUS CLOCHES



C.C.C. Tent Shape



C.C.C. Tent Shape

(TRADE MARK.)

They compel plants to grow perfectly without a check. Everything in your garden weeks ahead of your neighbour. Save frames and a lot of picking out.

Amateur and professional gardeners will hail with delight a device so simple and so effective. By its use the effects of bad weather and other troubles are entirely eliminated. Plant growing becomes a pleasure and a certainty. Hardy annuals can be sown at once and safely carried through spring by its aid, thus giving you astounding results. Although only just recently introduced, orders have already been delivered to thousands of keen amateurs, who at once perceive the merits of this simple but wonderful invention. The principal customers so far have been Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society—a keen body of Gardeners, who are naturally the first to recognise an important introduction of this sort. The merits of the idea are self-obvious and need but little recommendation. Briefly stated, they consist of (1) Perfect Ventilation. (2) Storage of sun heat as in greenhouse or cold frame. (3) A more equable and warmer temperature, especially on cold sunny days when there are East Winds. (4) A moisture atmosphere for the tender plants. (5) Preservation of the fine open surface tilth of the soil, thus admitting abundance of air to the roots. (6) Prevention of Soil getting caked, sodden, and plastered down by heavy rains, thus rotting seeds or so plastering the seedlings with mud as to prevent rapid growth. (7) Complete protection from birds and mice. (8) Protection from slugs by sprinkling the seed bed occasionally with a mixture of ashes, lime and soot—the glass cloche preventing the rain from washing away or consolidating the dressing.

Made in all sizes and heights.

CHEAP—SIMPLE—EASY TO HANDLE.

Send Postcard for Illustrated Booklet. Now is the time to sow your seeds.

The Chase Continuous Cloche Ltd. Dept. 1, 11, Queen Victoria St., LONDON, E.C.

INFLAMED SPOTS ALL OVER GIRL'S HEAD.

Had to Keep Cutting Hair. Also Boy Had Worst Form of Ringworm. Little Girl Caught It. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured Them.

8, Factory Lane, Chippenham, Wilts, Eng.—
"Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured my little girl of a sore head from chicken pox in a few applications. It spread all around like dry scales all over her head, and two of them grew bigger and very red and inflamed. It kept coming in a mass behind her ear. It was a running sore, and when she scratched it, it was still like thick scales. She got her hair in a mat, and I had to keep cutting it clean around. I got Cuticura Soap and Ointment which cured it."

"It was the same with the ringworm on my little boy. It started with one little bald patch, but there were little tiny rings and patches one next to the other—a thick mass of scurf as well. His head was awful. When he was sent home from school my little girl he played with caught them within a week. They are all her curls off. I got some Cuticura Soap and Ointment. It did wonders and completely cured my children."

(Signed) Mrs. Helen Archard, Aug. 7, 1913.
Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold everywhere. A sample of each with 32-p. Skin Book free from nearest depot. Address: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, or Potter D. and C. Corp., Boston, U.S.A.

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.



Five Sizes

1d., 2d.,
4d., 6d.,
and 1s.

—each size the finest value that good money can buy. Because Meltonian Paste more than pays for itself in the money it saves you by saving your boots—from hardening, from cracking, and from divers other ills; and it keeps them at their brightest all their long life!

MELTONIAN BOOT PASTE

Try a small size to start with—you can run no risk at all events, sold at all Stores, etc. If you have any difficulty send a postcard for the name of your nearest retailer. E. BROWN & SON, Ltd. (Dept. 5), Garrick Street, London.

YOU can have on 10 days' free approval a luxuriously equipped 1914, Gold Medal

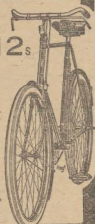
WRITE FOR FREE ART LIST NOW

PRICES from £3:12s. Cash.

EASY TERMS FROM 5/- MONTHLY.

We only require a small deposit before sending a Gold Medal 'Quadrant' on 10 days' free approval. Money returned in full if dissatisfied. 10 years' warranty given by direct from our factory and save pounds.

The Quadrant Cycle Co., Ltd. Dept. 23, COVENTRY.



Calox
The Dentist
Tooth Powder

Make Calox a Habit

No other dentifrice confers such all-round benefit in whitening teeth, keeping tartar and discoloration away, banishing the causes of decay, strengthening the gums and tissues, and prolonging tooth life. Calox, in use, liberates purifying OXYGEN.

A card sent to-day will bring a trial box of Calox FREE. Calox is sold ordinarily at 1/1½ by Chemists everywhere.

The Calox tooth brush reaches and cleans every part of every tooth, 1/- Of Chemists and Stores, &c.

G. B. KENT & SONS, Ltd., 75, Farringdon Rd., London.

JUST LIQUORICE

BUT The Purest and Best Liquorice made is what you get when you ask for

SOLAZZI

Not a Nostrum or a Patent Medicine, but a KNOWN ADMITTED AND APPROVED REMEDY for

COUGHS, COLDS, and all Catarrhal Affections.

Taken especially in the early stages it will ward off many a serious attack. Recommended by all the leading Medical Journals.

The Lancet says:—
"Of Standard Purity—Safe and Reliable."

Inferior Liquorice will disappoint you. Ask for "SOLAZZI" and have the Best.



When you dine at a fine restaurant,

remember that the soups and sauces are thickened with Corn Flour.

The same smooth creaminess and delicate flavour can be given to your home cookery; but don't ask for "Corn Flour"—ask for

Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

—the kind that made Corn Flour famous.

Every packet contains recipes and a pink cookery-book coupon.



FIRST LORD ASKS FOR £51,550,000.

Navy Estimates £2,740,700 Increase—Four Battleships.

5,000 MORE MEN.

Bomb Warfare by Fleet of Seaplanes—New Airship Stations.

- 4 battleships.
- 4 light cruisers.
- 12 destroyers.
- A number of submarines.
- 5,000 extra officers and men.
- £51,550,000—total required.

These are the important features of the Navy Estimates for the ensuing year which were issued last night. The estimates reach the record total of £51,550,000, a net increase upon the 1913-14 estimates of £2,740,700.

The cost of the new programme—battleships, light cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and increased personnel given above in detail—will amount to nearly £15,000,000.

Britain's other fleet—of seaplanes and airships—is also being rapidly perfected, and Mr. Churchill points out, a chain of seaplane bases is being placed round the coast.

COAST CHAIN OF SEAPLANE BASES

An interesting glimpse of how aeroplanes and airships are being adapted for war purposes is given by Mr. Churchill in his statement.

Seaplanes have combined for war exercises with the patrol and defence flotillas, and also took part in the naval manoeuvres in July, and a flight of naval aeroplanes was employed during Army manoeuvres.

A cruiser was specially commissioned and fitted out to carry seaplanes, and in consequence of the experience gained in this ship it has been decided to procure a special seaplane-carrying ship.

Progress has been made in the establishment of a chain of seaplane bases round the coast; five stations are completed, and the formation of others is proceeding.

BOMBS FROM SEAPLANES.

Good progress has been made with the design of the seaplane itself, and its development into certain standard types for war purposes is rapidly proceeding.

The practical utility of aeroplanes and seaplanes for war purposes is increasingly evident, and the experiments in connection with bomb dropping, wireless telegraphy and gunnery have been continuous.

At certain bases round the coast the personnel of the air service have replaced the coastguard and are carrying out coastguard duties in addition to naval air station work.

As the air service develops it is hoped that a considerable number of the coastguard stations may be transferred and economies thereby effected.

Good progress has also been made in the development of airships. The Astra Terres and Parguel airships ordered last year have been successful, and further orders for ships of this type have been placed.

LARGEST AIRSHIP SHEDS.

The establishment of an airship station on the Medway with two sheds of the largest size is being pressed forward, and should be completed shortly.

A site for another station has been procured, and the establishment of an inland airship station for training purposes is under consideration.

Arrangements have been made to transfer the Army airships to the Admiralty, and in a future airship work will be carried out by the Navy.

£300,000 FOR AIR SERVICE.

Mr. Churchill says that the increase in the Estimates may be accounted for under these general heads:—

- £450,000 for pay and victualling of a larger number of officers and men (£450,000), and automatic increases of the non-effective votes (£250,000).
- £400,000 for fuel and fuel services due to the increased horse-power of the fleet and continued building up of the oil fuel reserve, including tank vessels and storage.
- £200,000 for the development of air service.
- £750,000 for increased earnings by contractors under existing contracts upon new construction.
- £600,000 for guns, torpedoes and ammunition, partly through acceleration of the three 1913-14 battleships (£200,000), partly to provide for larger earnings by contractors in execution of existing contracts (£200,000), and for service of the fleet, whose guns are increasing in number and size as new ships join, and other charges (£200,000).
- £10,700 for miscellaneous minor services.

Provision has also been made, it is explained, for the number of officers and men to be increased during the year by 5,000 to man the ships now under construction, and to enable the new organisation of the Fleet to be completed step by step with the increasing establishments of foreign Powers; also for the needs of the Air Service.

Organisation of the Home Fleets is proceeding in accordance with statements made to Parliament in 1912 and in conformity with the progress of foreign navies. The First Cruiser Squadron in the Mediterranean has been raised to full strength.

FLEET IN MEDITERRANEAN.

The following resolution will be moved in the Commons on Wednesday next by Mr. Aubrey Herbert and seconded by Sir Mark Sykes:—

That this House is of opinion that the strategic and political situation now obtaining in the Mediterranean calls for increased vigilance and independence on the part of His Majesty's Ministers and demands a regular station in that sea and an adequate naval force.

Mr. Churchill, it is understood, and the Prime Minister will take part in the debate.

SIMPLE LIFERS LOSE CASE.



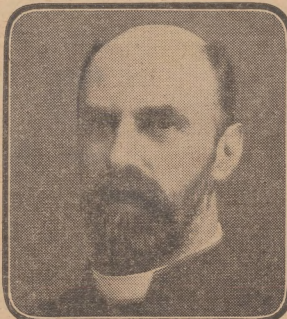
Two quaintly-attired defendants who unsuccessfully defended a claim against them in the Chancery Division yesterday. Counsel said that they described themselves as the founders of the first land settlement of the "New Order" known as the "Free Will Group."—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

WIDOW SAVAGE FREE.



Mrs. Savage, the widow who was convicted for neglecting her children, has been released, and has been handed over to the care of Miss Mary Neal, a suffragette.

NEW FATHER DAMIEN.



The Rev. A. S. Hewlett, brother of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the novelist, who intends to work on the leper station at Kumamoto, on the Island of Kiushiu, Japan.

LONDON WIN HOSPITAL RUGBY CUP.



Tackling a Bart's man in the Hospital Rugby Cup final at Richmond yesterday. The match resulted in a victory for London by 16 points to nil. They thus regain the trophy after an interval of six years.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

THE QUEEN'S CARE FOR SICK GIRL.

Smooths Her Pillow and Has Bed Moved from Sun's Glare.

"SO NICE AND KIND."

Three crippled girl inmates of the St. Agnes' Home and Hostel, Croydon, were the proudest children in all London yesterday.

In the afternoon they each had quite a long chat with the Queen.

Accompanied by Lady Mary Trefusis, the Queen arrived at the St. Agnes' Home at three o'clock, and spent nearly an hour walking round the wards and playrooms, where 550 crippled girls gave her a rousing welcome.

With Lady Beatrix Wilkinson, president of the Children's Union, and Prebenary Rudolf as guides the Queen first visited the needlework room, where she greatly admired the exhibits of work made by the girls.

In the basket-making room numbers of crippled girls were busy making toys and baskets out of cane.

"I must have two of these little chairs," said her Majesty, picking up two dolls'-house chairs made out of cane.

Looking round the room she noticed one small girl, named Kathleen Uwins, busily engaged making a basket.

SUN IN HER EYES.

Crossing over to her she asked, "Does not the cane hurt your fingers?"

Kathleen, looking up into the Queen's face, smilingly replied, "No ma'am."

Going on to the verandah, where the tuberculous children live, the Queen went up to Olive Smith, aged sixteen, and began to talk to her.

"What work is it you are doing?" she asked.

"I am hemstitching sheets," replied Olive.

"That is very nice work," replied her Majesty.

Turning round, she saw another consumptive girl with the sun shining straight on to the bed.

"Is the sun shining into your eyes?" said the Queen, peeping down and smoothing the pillow.

"Yes, ma'am," the girl replied, "it is."

"Shall I move you round?" the Queen asked.

The girl replied that she should like it, and the matron at once shifted the bed round.

When seen by *The Daily Mirror* later in the afternoon, the girls were so excited by the royal visit that they could hardly talk.

Olive Smith, with whom the Queen had a chat, said that her Majesty was so nice and kind that she forgot to say "Your Majesty" when she spoke to her.

"I told the Queen about my work, and she was so interested," she said.

"I am so proud that hardly know what to do with myself," said Kathleen Uwin. "Fancy the Queen speaking to me!"

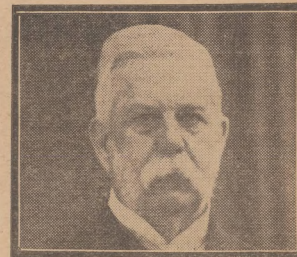
£25,000,000 CHIEF DEAD.

Mr. George Westinghouse, Whose Air Brake Invention Was Thought Crazy.

NEW YORK, March 12.—Mr. George Westinghouse, the inventor of the air brake, died suddenly in New York to-day.—Central News.

There are 300 patents to the credit of the dead millionaire, and he was president of thirty corporations with an aggregate capital of £25,000,000, and giving work to 50,000 employees.

When he first told his friends in 1868 about his vacuum brake, his friends called him "Crazy George." He explained his invention to Commodore Vanderbilt, the greatest railway magnate of his day. "Do you mean to tell me you can



MR. GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE.

stop a train by wind?" asked the Commodore, and when the young inventor said that was the idea the Commodore retorted, "Go away; I've no time to waste on fools."

Since those days he founded great works in America, Canada, France, Russia, Vienna, Italy, London and vast works at Manchester. He built the first great dynamo at Niagara and for the Elevated Railway in New York and the Metropolitan Railway in London.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is—Westerly breezes and fair, cool weather, followed by increasing southerly winds, rain and a higher temperature.

High water at London Bridge: 2.55 p.m.

LONDON OBSERVATIONS. Barometer, 29.87 in., rising; temperature, 54 deg.; wind, S.W., gusty; weather, cloudy, showery and mild. Sea passages will be rough.

SIX MONTHS FOR VENUS VANDAL.

"Only" Maximum Sentence on Woman Who Cut £45,000 Picture.

SPEECH FROM DOCK.

With the greatest regret, it is my duty to pass upon you a sentence of only six months' imprisonment.

This sentence is inadequate, but it is the maximum sentence for damaging works of art. For breaking a window you could have received eighteen months.

Thus sternly spoke Mr. Robert Wallace, K.C., yesterday at the London Sessions, in sentencing the suffragette, Mary Richardson, who attacked the Rokeby Venus with a cleaver.

The woman took the sentence quietly, but she made a long speech from the dock.

"What I did," she said, "I had thought over very seriously before I undertook it. I have been a student and perhaps care as much for art as anyone who was in the Gallery, but I care more for justice than I do for art."

(Photograph on page 9.)

"IT WAS PREMEDITATED."

Looking pale and ill, when she entered the dock at London Sessions yesterday, Mary Richardson had to be supported by two warders. Since Tuesday she has adopted the hunger strike, and has been in the infirmary at Holloway.

The charge was one of "wilfully and maliciously damaging the Velasquez Rokeby Venus, and doing damage to the extent of £100."

"As it was premeditated, I plead guilty," said the prisoner in a quiet voice.

Then rose Mr. Travers Humphreys for the prosecution. He spoke in indignant voice about the senseless and wicked act of damage that one could conceive.

"I had confessed to having destroyed, so far as lay in her power, a beautiful work of art presented to the nation by subscribers, who included men as well as women. The Venus was kept by the nation for the enjoyment of women as well as men, and probably was visited by as many women as men."

"This is what she has done for her sex," said counsel, "and as a direct result of her act it has been thought necessary to close for the present not only the National Gallery, but a number of other public institutions."

Sergeant Hawkins gave evidence of the woman's record, and said that on a great many occasions she had been convicted of wilful damage, assaults, etc.

Leaving over the dock and speaking forcibly and with feeling, the woman said:

"I care more for justice than I do for art, and I firmly believe that while men shut their eyes to justice and prefer to have women who are not only denied justice but who are ill-treated and tortured, then I say that this action of mine should be understandable."

"I do not hesitate to say that if the men of the country do not, at this eleven-hour, pass their hands on to save Mrs. Pankhurst, before a few more years are past they will stretch out their hands in vain to save the Empire."

"I know that you will sentence me. Your sentence will not really make much difference."

"I am really a grateful and happy woman," she added, "and in some small way have tried to carry out what I believe in."

TOOK CHAIR AND—OPPORTUNITY.

Something of a bombshell was exploded yesterday at a women's suffrage meeting at Aldershot.

The vicar of Aldershot was in the chair, and in opening the proceedings he took the opportunity to say that the mutilation of the Rokeby Venus was an outrage and estimated that the British Museum might have destroyed a work of art for the loss of which the world would be infinitely the poorer.

"SNAP" THAT FAILED.

What was apparently an organised attempt on the part of the Opposition to "snap" the Government on the Amendment to the Government of Wales Bill, Mr. Worthington Evans's motion to reduce the vote was in progress, was made in the House of Commons last night.

Between forty and fifty Unionist members rushed into the House, when it was discovered that the Government were in a precarious position.

Mr. Lloyd George cast an appealing look at the Labour Party members who apparently had intended to abstain from voting.

The Government majority of thirty-seven practically coincides with the Labour vote.

MR. FENNER'S COMFORTABLE CELL.

PARIS, March 12.—"I'm quite comfortable," said this is how Mr. Fenner, the stockbroker who is in custody in Paris awaiting extradition to London, describes his surroundings in the Depot prison in a letter he has written to-day.

A few days ago some of Mr. Fenner's relatives, in the belief that his cell was cold and his comfort wanting, made complaints which led the British Embassy in Paris to address inquiries to the Prefecture of Police as to the degree of comfort accorded to Mr. Fenner.

"The Ambassador sent a representative here to ask how Mr. Fenner was getting treated," said M. Pouillot, who is charged with the supervision of Mr. Fenner's case, to-day. "I have just telephoned to the Embassy to say that I give my word that Mr. Fenner is in the best of health, physically and mentally."

M. Pouillot said Mr. Fenner could order his food from any restaurant in Paris, and that his cell was heated by electricity.

OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL GAS!

Despairing Husband Finds Everything Lovelier After Liberal Inhalations.

The strange story of a young husband who, in despair, took gas, and then found, to his astonishment, that the world had improved most beautifully, was told in the somewhat matter-of-fact setting of Tottenham Police Court yesterday.

This miracle happened to Harry Frank Mamardiere, aged thirty-two, of Follery-road, Brockley, and he was unromantically charged with having attempted suicide by gas poisoning.

When the magistrate asked him what he had to say for himself, the husband said that his act was due solely to the treatment he had received from his wife.

"She has lost her affection for me," he added. "I can love no other woman but her. I love my children, but I love my wife best."

"Realising that her love for me had gone, and knowing there was no one who could replace her in my affections, I thought I should be better off of the way."

The magistrate looked a little surprised at this unusual statement, but he asked: "Had you had any quarrel just previous to the attempt you made on the way?"

"No," replied the defendant simply, "it was just my wife's contempt for me."

The magistrate sagely remarked: "What can't be cured must be endured! What is your present frame of mind?"

With a beatific expression the defendant made the surprising reply: "Since I have recovered everything appears to be more beautiful now than before."

The magistrate looked more surprised than before, pondered a while, and without making any comments one way or the other as to the suitability of the gas cure for pessimists, eventually gave the accused into the care of his brother.

MAN WITH NOTHING TO DO

Tragedy of Officer Who Ate Out His Heart in Idleness.

He was miserable with nothing to do. He was upset at being kept doing nothing. This suspense worried him.

These statements were made at the inquest at Devises yesterday evening on the Lieutenant of the 2nd Battalion Wilts Regiment, who was found shot through the head in a bathroom.

The sergeant-major of the 1st Wilts Regiment, brother of deceased, said his brother was recalled from Gibraltar four months ago, presumably in connection with the Army canteen inquiry.

The Coroner: Who presumed this?

Witness: My brother, who was never called to give evidence, and no charge was brought against him. This worried him considerably, as he had left his wife and family at Gibraltar, and had his house in sleeping expenses.

Private Burgess, servant to deceased, said his master did not eat breakfast for several mornings. He was always anxious for his letters.

The coroner said there was no doubt the suspense had preyed on deceased's mind, he having been kept about so long and nothing brought against him.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide whilst of unsound mind.

SIR F. BRIDGE ENGAGED.

An engagement between Sir Frederick Bridge, C.V.O., organist of Westminster Abbey, and Miss Marjory Wood, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald N. Wood, of Bignall End, Staffordshire, was announced last night. The wedding will be very quiet, and will probably take place after Easter.

Sir F. Bridge, one of the most popular of London musicians, is sixty-nine years old, and was born at Oldbury, Worcestershire. In 1872 he married Miss Constance, Ellen Moore. After the death of his first wife he was married, in 1883, to Miss Helen Applett, who died in 1905.

Sir Frederick became organist of Westminster Abbey at the early age of thirty-one, and has held the position for thirty-eight years. He began his musical career at the age of six, singing in the choir of Rochester Cathedral.

THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

Orgy of Looping.

Seventeen loops in the air in seventeen minutes was the achievement of Mr. B. C. Hucks at Hendon yesterday.

Wait Till Monday—and See.

Mr. Asquith, in the House of Commons yesterday, stated that he would make his detailed statement with regard to Home Rule on Monday.

Where His Walk Ended.

A man, who represented that he was walking round the world, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude at Tyrone yesterday for obtaining money by false pretences.

The £15 Kick.

For injuring a policeman by kicking him on the ankle in a struggle between the police and Miss Sylvia Pankhurst's "People's Army," Nora Smith was fined £15 at Old-street yesterday.

"Glad Tidings" That Were Ill Ones.

The finding at sea of a ship's boat, bearing the name "The Glad Tidings," has confirmed the view that the captain and his three sons, who formed the crew of the ship, have been lost during the stormy weather.

WIVES ARRIVE C/O.

Greeting by Deported Leaders at Southampton.

LABOUR BOUQUETS.

The wives of three of the nine deported South African labour leaders have arrived in England in state.

They reached Southampton yesterday in the Granville Castle, and marked "care of the British Government." They were Mrs. Poutsma, Mrs. Bain and Mrs. Watson, and their husbands were there to meet them.

Mrs. Poutsma was accompanied by her two daughters, one a B.A. of Rhodes College. Mrs. Bain brought her little son, and Mrs. Watson her little girl.

Miss Poutsma, B.A., helped to pass the time pleasantly with blood-curdling stories about South Africa being in a state of "seething unrest."

All then travelled by boat-train to Waterloo, where there were more scenes of domestic felicity, together with a generous helping of political propaganda and the vigorous waving of red flags. But the song of the "Red Flag" was not sung.

After everyone had been photographed in an informal reception was held in the tea-room.

To begin with the Three Wives were presented with bouquets of spring flowers by Miss Shiela Macdonald, daughter of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Miss Peggy Miles and Miss Maggie Browning.

"OUR MEN-FOLK SAFE."

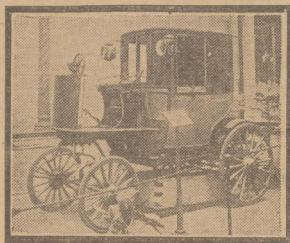
Miss Kerrison, of the National Executive of the Women's Labour League, pointed out to the Three Wives that those present represented many thousands of working men and women. They all hoped that the newcomers would feel that now they had come to this country they had really come home.

(Applause.) Mrs. Bain in reply thanked the speakers and the assembled gathering for their kind welcome, and Miss Poutsma, who seems to have a taste for oratory, said that although they suffered a little by having been left behind, they had the consolation of feeling that their men-folk would be safe.

The Three Wives told *The Daily Mirror* that they had had an excellent passage, and that they had made many friends on board. With the exception of Mrs. Watson, who is paying a visit to friends, they are staying at a London hotel.

Before the wife of deportee Morgan left for England yesterday to join her husband, says a Reuter message from Capetown, she was presented with a purse of souvenirs by sympathisers. (Photographs on page 8.)

LONDON'S FIRST MOTOR-CAB.



This quaint-looking conveyance, which was first seen in London in 1897, is now at the Crystal Palace. King Edward drove in it from Marlborough House to Buckingham Palace. It had no taximeter.

FARMYARD ON TRAIN.

BASSANO (Alberta), March 12.—The Bassano Board of Trade last night officially welcomed eighty newly-arrived Colorado settlers with a banquet.

The settlers left Denver about a week ago on a special train with a cattle car. The dining-car was supplied with milk and eggs by the hens and milk cows on the train.—Reuter.

STORY THAT GRIPS ALL.

Congratulations on "The Daily Mirror" Serial Pour in from Readers.

The success of *The Daily Mirror's* new serial, "The Story of a Woman's Heart," is really overwhelming. Every day we get fresh testimony that it has attracted a further batch of new readers.

The claim that it is the most intimate story ever written certainly seems to be justified. We have letters from all classes of society, and in practically every case the writer speaks of the intimate appeal it makes to him or her.

Congratulations from readers continue to come in!

I am not a great admirer of serial stories; they are usually so implausible. But without that interest in a story before as in "The Story of a Woman's Heart," it grips from the very beginning, and the more I read of it the less patient I am for the next issue.

I think the serial is most interesting as Mr. Haselden's cartoons. I could not help being amused this morning. In a crowded omnibus seven girls were all reading *The Daily Mirror* serial, and one girl, sitting next to me, was trying to read my copy—I afterwards gave it to her.

There is no doubt as to the popularity of such a human and enthralling story. There is a skirmish in the family every day as to who shall read it, and the possessor does not put it down until she has absolutely absorbed the day's instalment.

Goldens Green.

I cannot resist writing you a few lines concerning the new serial in *The Daily Mirror*. I read with great interest the fresh instalment before looking at any of the news. One or two of my friends, whom I know for certain never read newspapers, have been greatly following this tale with as much interest as myself. I wish you could send every instalment.

Hendon, Kibbourn.

I am taking a great interest in your new serial. I have read many of them, and I read with great interest "The Story of a Woman's Heart." I think every woman ought to read it, as it is so human. I am afraid I had not seen *The Daily Mirror* for a long time, but then someone showed me the first chapters of the new story a few days ago, and now I buy a copy every day, so as to continue the story.

Abertillery.

If you have not done so already, begin the story to-day; you will not regret it.

LORD CREWE INDISPOSED.

Lord Crewe became indisposed at the dinner of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy at the Savoy Hotel last night. He was taken to Crewe House, where later he was stated to be going on satisfactorily.

Lord Crewe had made the chief speech on mining enterprise in India and on the Imperial College at Kensington, of the governors of which he is president.

NOT SHY ABOUT HIS LOCKS.

Hatless, with white hair reaching to his shoulders, a thick beard, and his skin tinted brown, William Allan Macdonald appeared in Mr. Justice Astbury's court yesterday to conduct his own case.

A dispute had arisen in connection with a group of people called "The Free Will Group" and the "Philanthropic League for Scientific Self-Support on the Land." The action was brought to insist upon the performance of a contract to purchase property known as "The Mount," in Bucks, from the freeholder, Mr. William M. Dainton.

His Lordship, in giving judgment for the plaintiff, with costs, ordered defendants to lodge in court within ten days £5,365, the balance of the purchase money, and £235, interest due. (Photograph on page 8.)

SHADOWED ON COUNTRY WALKS.

That she and others were watched by detectives who even followed them on their private walks, was stated by a witness yesterday at the resumed hearing before Sir Samuel Evans of the cross-petitions for divorce brought by Mrs. Florence Knight against her husband, Mr. Sidney Stretton.

Mr. Sidney Stretton, the correspondent in the husband's petition, was cross-examined by Mr. Marshall Hall, who asked:—

Were you anxious to impress Mr. Knight that you were a man of some position?—Certainly not. Did you tell Mrs. Knight your father was in "Who's Who"?—I may have seen her picture in *The Daily Mirror*.

Mrs. Main, Mrs. Knight's sister, was recalled and said everybody knew they were being watched by detectives, who followed them even on their country walks.

Counsel: Is there any truth in the suggestion that you and your sister interchanged garments for the purpose of disguise?—No.

The hearing was again adjourned.

ENGLISHWOMEN IN PERIL.

Much concern is felt, Reuter's Agency learns, by the China Inland Mission and the relatives of its missionaries at Lao-ho-ku, in Hupeh, in consequence of the report of the raid by "White Wolf's" brigands on the town on Monday.

The China Inland Mission has six representatives in Lao-ho-ku. They are Mr. and Mrs. Lagast, Miss Emily King, Miss Black and the Misses Jane and Emily Black.

A C. I. M. message from Shanghai says two of the Misses Black are missing.

WELSH OFFICIALS ARRESTED.

Two ex-officials of the Central Welsh Board—Mr. Crynant Griffiths, the late clerk, and Mr. David Williams, one of his former subordinates—were arrested on a warrant at Cardiff yesterday.

The board is the Welsh Board of Intermediate schools, and is maintained by contributions from all the county councils and county boroughs in Wales. The matter is stated to be in connection with certain alleged irregularities in the board's finances.

Both accused men will be brought before the magistrates this morning.



Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt.

court is deeply interested, I learn, in the future of the London Museum, which is to be opened at Stafford House on Monday week.

When Mr. Harcourt is interested in anything his interest is always an active one. He has a genius for organisation, and a super-genius for making things run smoothly, as his popularity in the House testifies.

Sobriquets Are Rare Nowadays.

The mere fact that he is known by this affectionate diminutive is one of the greatest compliments men of both parties can pay him. There are very few members who ever rise to the dignity of a sobriquet. "Joe" and "C.-B." have departed. Now "Lulu," "Arthur" and "T. P." exhaust the list.

Gave the House a 2s. Dinner.

Mr. Harcourt is a man of the most deceptive appearance. Very tall, aristocratic and dandified, he is one of the hardest workers in the House. He takes pride in the highest collars and also in a high sense of public duty.

He gave the House of Commons what a prominent labour member once described as "the best two-shilling dinner in London." Tradition says that his hair has never been ruffled; history affirms that the Opposition has never ruffled his temper.

Lunatics at the Play.

Apocryph of my note on asylum audiences, Mr. Archie Terrill, the elocutionist, tells me that he has always found them remarkably quick in intelligence.

"I remember once," he says, "preparing a sketch for an asylum in which the line, 'Why, you must be mad!' occurred. In rehearsal we cut that line, but the character who had to speak the words forgot this on the night of the production, and had got so far as the words 'Why, you must be—' when he suddenly remembered, and said 'sane.'"

"The audience accepted this as a compliment and applauded."

England's Beauty.

The brightest discovery that was ever made by the searchers for theatrical jewels in the raw soil of musical comedy is undoubtedly Miss Gladys Cooper. Miss Cooper is England's beauty of the moment, and is also one of the most accomplished comedy actresses on the stage.



Miss Gladys Cooper.

What an ideal Juliet she would make! I commend the idea to Sir Herbert Tree. A production of "Romeo and Juliet" with Miss Cooper as Juliet would draw all London.

Apart from her theatrical art, Miss Cooper has strongly defined literary interests

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Mr. George R. Sims.

"Please, I Want a Lion."

Mr. John Robertson, convener of the Dundee Municipal Galleries, called on Sir Thomas Dewar yesterday.

"I want a lion, Sir Thomas!" he said.

"Yes, sir. Alive or dead?"

"Dead—preferably!"

"All right, I'll send the skin off to-night."

Mr. Robertson was delighted. For years he has been looking for a nice stuffed lion for the Dundee Museum, so he boldly went to his countryman, stated his case, and promptly got his lion.

Sir Thomas's Ancestors.
Subsequently Sir Thomas and Mr. Robertson started "reminiscing" about the "big county" of Perthshire, where they were both born.

"I remember once going up to the Atholl district to make some inquiry about my 'worthy' ancestors," Sir Thomas said, "but I did not go very far in the investigations after an ancient Highlander told me that the Dewars were a lot of confounded rascals, and that in the old days some of them had been hanged for sheep-stealing!"

Sir Thomas told me these stories himself yesterday, and he ought to know.

A Hint to the "Nut."

If there be any harassed "nut" racking his brains for a new idea for his spring outfit I commend him to the latest Chicago style that is printed in the middle of this page.

For IIs. the Chicago tailor will supply these tasteful peg-top trousers, and "no matter how extreme you order them," he says, there is no extra charge.

I showed this picture of the "made to measure" peg-top to an American of impeccable taste yesterday, and asked if it was really true. He was almost angry, but he admitted it was. It is the British "nut's" move now. Surely he won't be outdone by Chicago!

A Nasty Habit.

"Some shoeblacks have a very irritating habit of shouting out 'Shine, sir?' when you have just purchased a new pair of patent leathers that are already shining like looking-glasses."

There was once a silk hat ironer in a certain London hotel who had a similar lack of discrimination. I shall never forget the anger of the late Mr. George Wyndham when, having just purchased a glossy and immaculate hat in Piccadilly, he was accosted with the remark: "Iron your hat, sir? Make it look like new!"

From Paris.

A new way of using ostrich feathers, a Paris correspondent tells me, is a tiny trimming worn on the neck of a collarless blouse and finished with a bow of coloured ribbon with hanging tassels of the ostrich feather or of bronze-coloured beads.

And Who Could Blame Him?

He was a brilliant man of letters with a sympathy for the woman's suffrage cause, which led him one day to agree to carry a banner in a suffragette procession.

His wife observed him marching with a dejected air and carrying his banner so that it hung limply. Later she reproved him for not making a better appearance.

"Why didn't you march like somebody and let people see your banner?" she said.

"My dear," he answered meekly, "did you see what was on the banner? It read, 'Any man can vote. Why can't I?'"

"All the Fun of the Fair."

I went into a "Penny Gaff" yesterday, the real thing that one used to see in country fairs in the pre-cinema days.

Outside it was decorated with the old-fashioned painted scenes, such as our grandfathers knew, and within the fat lady and the midget lady sat.

And all this was beneath the shadow of St. Paul's dome, in the heart of twentieth century London. Crowds of people were paying their pennies.

Another Little Scandal.

Here is some more scandal for the five o'clock tea tables.

One of our most popular musical comedy actresses—she used to play in real comedy—has just offered her husband—you know him well as an actor—a substantial fee to divorce her.

If he accepts the fee the lady is going to marry an American millionaire.

Waterloo for Sale.

Who wants to buy a bit of the Field of Waterloo? Part of that historic ground is to be offered at auction next Friday at Nivelles, Belgium. The lot offered for sale comprises "the farm castle known as La Papelotte," so the advertisements tell me.

Waterloo is not in a pretty country, but it is a very productive one. It raises corn and relics. The relics are probably the more paying.

The huge number of bullets, weapons and helmet badges that have been "found" on the battlefield could prove conclusively that the armies engaged there must have comprised at least three times the number of men that history has attributed to them.

Our Neglected "Wooden Walls."

One by one our "wooden walls" are going. The Walleys went honourably in service, but most of them go ignominiously to the shipbreakers to fetch a few thousand pounds for their teak or oak or copper.

The last of the French prizes was saved from the shipbreakers less than a couple of years ago by the untiring efforts of a private individual.

To-day's Grumble.

Mr. George R. Sims has a grievance, connected, of course, with his beloved London, that he contributes to-day to my grumble list.

"I am not a grumbler by profession," he says, "but as an amateur I do feel inclined to grumble at the unnecessary litter in London streets of motor-omnibus and tramway tickets."

"Littery London."

"The corners which are stopping places for motor-omnibuses are frequently little better than refuse heaps. If it were not for the amateur boy scavengers who collect tickets we should be wading ankle-deep through throw-aways."

"If motor-omnibus tickets cannot be collected as on railways, then there should be a receptacle in the omnibus in which alighting passengers could leave them. 'Littery London' wants editing by our ediles."

A New National Anthem.

In the current number of "Poetry and Drama" Mr. James Elroy Flecker has rewritten "The National Anthem." Here is one of his verses:—

Mountains that strike the stars
Held by heroic wars
Save us our King
Dawn lands for youth to reap,
Dim lands where Empires sleep,
And all that dolphined deep,
Where the ships swing.

Somehow I can't quite hear enthusiastic crowds roaring "dolphined deep" in chorus.

What Does It Mean?

Can you understand what this means? I have tried very hard several times, but I am still doubtful.

"For that, I think, was ever both the burden and the joy—the complication, I mean, of interest, and the sense, in the midst of the ugly and the melancholy, that queer crooked silent corners behind cathedrals wrought in their way for one, did something, while one haunted them, to the imagination and the taste; and that so, once more, since the generalisation had become a habit with me, I couldn't, seeing and feeling these things, really believe I had picked up nothing."

How Much More?

It is, I have reason to believe, a description of the youth and early manhood of Mr. Henry James, and I quote it from his autobiography, "Notes of a Son and Brother," the second volume of which Macmillan's publish to-day.

Of course, if you are a perfect Jamesian, you will pretend to understand it and call it magnificent; if not, you will wonder how many volumes will be required to complete the autobiography.

THE RAMBLER.



Mr. Henry James.

MOTORIST AT THE REINS.

Winner of Pony and Trap in Raffle Is Nervous Without Steering Wheel.

An expert motorist, who won a pony and trap in a raffle, spent a most exciting fifteen minutes yesterday in the City.

Members of the Baltic Exchange had organised a raffle at 5s. a head for a pony and trap.

Yesterday the draw took place, and by the irony of chance the prize was won by Mr. A. W. Holmes, an expert motorist, who has but the vaguest knowledge and interest in horsemanship.

News of his success was kept from Mr. Holmes until midday, when some two or three hundred members of the Baltic gathered in St. Mary Axe to make the presentation.

"Here she comes!" they shouted as a frisky little pony drawing a tiny trap came clattering down the street.

The presentation was then made, and, looking rather nervous, Mr. Holmes bravely squeezed himself into the tiny trap.

"Move along, there," said a stalwart City policeman. A groom was also in the trap, and the little pony, given his head, cantered merrily down St. Mary Axe.

Then ensued an exciting ride. Mr. Holmes, hatless, clung tightly to the sides of the trap, for, though used to driving high-speed motor-cars, he found the pony's reins not so easy to handle as a wheel.

When *The Daily Mirror* saw them bowling along past the Royal Exchange the groom was driving—the lucky winner had decamped!

DINNER FOR 2d.

Successful Experiment to Provide Cheap Meals for Factory Girls.

Deptford working girls "love" meat pies as a midday meal.

This is the deduction arrived at by members of the National Federation of Women Workers after a week's experiment with lunch rooms.

Hitherto the "girls," whose ages run from fourteen to sixty, working in the different factories have had no place in which they could have an ordinary midday dinner, and as the average wage is well under 10s. a week they could not afford to spend much even if there had been places provided.

Now, under the auspices of the Federation of Women Workers the working girls and women can have a good substantial meal for 2d.

Yesterday 120 workers dined at the Unity Club Rooms, Evelyn-street, Deptford, and the menu from which they were able to choose was:—

Stewed mutton, dumplings and potatoes (inclusive)	2d.
Beef patien	1d.
One portion of potatoes	1d.
Salmon and bread	2d.
Tea	1d.

What the girls chiefly appreciate, said one of the ladies in charge, is the clean knife and fork, and what they themselves describe as the "lovely wash," for they can have a good wash and brush up without any charge, and there are papers to read in the dinner time.

For 1d. each, but salmon and meat pies are the best appreciated dishes.

OUTSIDE LIFE'S GATES.

Plea for Widow Savage, Who Has Never Seen Sea or Meadow.

Mr. Savage has never seen the country even for an hour, never seen the sea, never seen the sun shine on meadow and hillside, and never picked a wild flower.

Thus writes Miss Mary Neal with regard to the widow, who, recently sentenced at Clerkenwell Police Court to six months' imprisonment with hard labour for cruelty to her children, has just been released. Mrs. Savage has been handed over to Miss Neal's care.

Evidence was given that she had kept her three children confined in a dark room without light, that they were in a terrible condition with sores, and that their existence was not even known to the landlord or the neighbours.

Miss Neal brought to light the extreme poverty of the widow, who was—

A sober, hard-working charwoman, who had apparently taken this course not from cruel motives (for the children were said to be very fond of her), but from a fear that she might be separated from them if she failed were known.

Describing the widow's life, Miss Neal says that all her married life she was beaten and starved. She never had a home until she got together the "few sticks" in the room with which she went to prison.

She had previously had a furnished room, but her son-in-law advised her to take a furnished one and spend the money saved on food.

"But while I had two hands to work," she said to Miss Neal, "I wanted to keep the children with me—they are such ones to cling to their mother." (Photograph on page 3.)

SNAILS FOR SPEED.

Footballers Use Them as Liniment and Singer Eats Them for His Voice.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

BATH, March 12.—Among the queer trades of England must be reckoned that of Charles Reed, of Avon-street, Bath, who is known as "Snail Charley."

He has long made a living by collecting snails, and he claims that the snails—orgastropods, as they are known in the best circles—found at Bath are the descendants of the edible snails bred and fattened by the Romans during their occupation here.

There was a time, he stated in an interview, when a collector could earn a sovereign a day by bartering small fish for snails collected by school children.

Some footballers, he said, now use snails as a substitute for liniment when training, believing that increased speed is thereby gained.

A large number of snails are prepared in Bath by Mr. Lee, the proprietor of an oyster saloon, who sends them to Bristol for consumption by the colony of glass-blowers there.

One of Mr. Lee's customers is an opera singer, who eats snails not only as a delicacy, but as an aid to voice production.

On Page 12.—Dances and Drill to Show New Dress Fashions; Masculine Outline in Paris Tailor-Mades; Latest Paris Fashion Sketch.

"A Good Tonic for Anybody who is Run Down"

Wordsley House, Stonnall, near Walsall.
Dear Sirs,—My doctor ordered me to take Angier's Emulsion for dyspepsia and nervous affections, and I am very pleased to say that it has done me an immense amount of good. I have been ill for two years, but I feel I am getting stronger every day—less indigestion, eating better, and sleeping better. My bowels used to be very much constipated, but since I began taking Angier's Emulsion they have been acting regularly every morning. I like the Emulsion so much that I feel I cannot take enough of it, and often wish the doctor would order a tablespoonful instead of a dessertspoonful. I can highly recommend Angier's Emulsion as a very good tonic for anybody who is run down.

(Signed) (Mrs.) M. LEWIS.

ANGIER'S EMULSION

SOOTHING AND STRENGTHENING

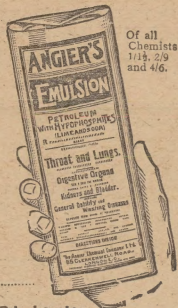
The soothing, healing and strengthening properties of Angier's Emulsion make it invaluable in lung troubles, digestive and bowel disorders, run-down conditions and all wasting diseases. It soothes the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestines, corrects digestive disturbance and promotes normal action of the bowels. At the same time it has a most invigorating, tonic influence upon the general health. For upwards of twenty years Angier's Emulsion has been prescribed by the medical profession and used in the hospitals. It is a standard remedy of proved value.

Free Sample Coupon.

Name

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28. P.S. Fill in coupon and send with 3d. for postage to
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In March Winds.



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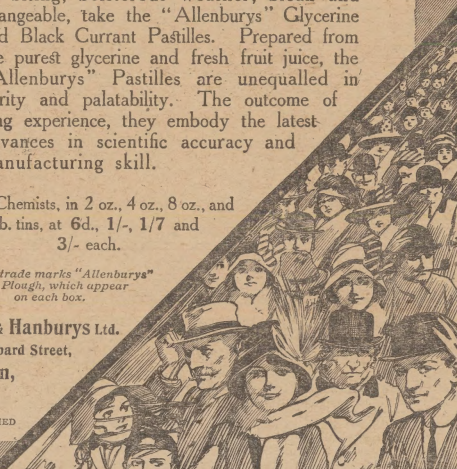
In biting, boisterous weather, bleak and changeable, take the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles. Prepared from the purest glycerine and fresh fruit juice, the "Allenburys" Pastilles are unequalled in purity and palatability. The outcome of long experience, they embody the latest advances in scientific accuracy and manufacturing skill.

Of all Chemists, in 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz., and
1 lb. tins, at 6d., 1/-, 1/7 and
3/- each.

Note the trade marks "Allenburys"
and a Plough, which appear
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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1914.

BILLS OR NO BILLS?

IN "The Importance of Being Earnest" there is a piece of observation that one recalls with pleasure in the month of March, which is predominantly a bill month, or month of account rendered. The hero of the play is handed a pile of letters. "It is to be presumed that they are bills, since he drops them into the waste-paper basket without opening them."

So, in fact, habitually proceeds your courageous billman. We venture upon the rather ugly word, to express the temperaments of those who believe in what is called the credit system, though indeed there is little system about it. The world, so often divided into Borrowers and Lenders, Aristotelians and Platonists, might as plausibly be grouped into billmen and those who cannot abide bills.

The man who cannot face a bill reveals himself very soon in the average English house. He is afraid of the morning's post. He looks uneasily at his plate. He says, as he fingers a long impersonal envelope with a typewritten address: "I know what that is. It is a bill."

He opens it. "To account rendered." Precisely. But rendered for what? Rendered, or sent in, for things long ago consumed and done for—clothes worn out, wine drunk, books read, boots cast upon the dust heap! Pitiable meanness to "render" account for such forgotten matters! It is not the time to judge and remember sins on earth. A day will come when these things shall be judged, but that day is yet far off. Meanwhile, why haven't the tradesmen enough charity to forget?

The true billman listens to these complaints and expounds his philosophy.

"My dear fellow," he says, "what on earth are you making all this fuss about? Bills? Why bother? Don't pay. Credit system."

"But it gets on my nerves. It worries me. I dread the post. 'Steps will be taken to recover.' Don't! Why didn't I take the Micawber advice? Why didn't I live within my income? Why do I have bills?"

The billman answers: "Some men cannot live within their income, for they haven't any. They have to live without it. For these, bills were invented. It is obvious that a gentleman without money cannot also live (for example) without clothes. No. He must dress. Very well. He must have credit. Don't pay. Don't be weak. Don't get into the habit of paying them, or they will get into the habit of expecting to be paid. It spoils the market. It's hard on others. What's in a bill? Throw it away."

"But they will come and wait on the doorstep."

"No, they won't. But if they do? Ask them in. Give them tea. Talk it over. Give them something on account. Do you owe them ten pounds? Give them half-a-crown. Twenty pounds? Give ten shillings. They'll be pleased. They'll love you. Try it."

"But that will only secure me a month's respite of gnawing anxiety. No, no, I will pay. I must!"

And he does so, poor, haunted fellow; much to the contempt of the iron-nerved billman, who puts the long typewritten envelopes, without opening them, into the basket.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"DESTROY SOMETHING!"

THE suffrage militancy has undoubtedly reached the point of madness, and we now see the craze for senseless destruction, mentioned by "W. M." This is a regular sign of lunacy, the destruction being always quite without object, such as the destroying of a picture or burning down of a house, neither of which has the slightest connection with the question of the franchise. It would be well if individuals found guilty of these crazy actions were placed in a home, under strict medical and mental treatment, until recovered. The public must be protected against the present condition of licensed lunacy.

REMEDY.

I MUST write to thank you for "W. M.'s" admirable leader of to-day. It expresses with reserve and dignity, yet with force, what all right-minded people are feeling on the subject of this small band

HOW HE PROPOSED.

THE subject of "Proposals," now under discussion in your columns, has much interested me. My earliest experience of the sort was somewhat unusual.

It was at a Christmas-dinner party. "Pull one with me," he pleaded, handing me a cracker. I did so, and out dropped a ring. Looking earnestly at me, he stammered: "Please wear this till I can afford a better one." He put it on my finger, and we squeezed hands under the table.

We forgot each other in six weeks. He was seventeen and I was fourteen. Under the same roof, at Christmas ten years later, we met again. He was a bronzed soldier, home on leave from India.

"Have you still got my ring?" he asked me. "What ring?" I said innocently. "Little humbug!" he whispered tenderly. I had a beautiful ring that time; but among my

TO GUARD AGAINST SUFFRAGETTE OUTRAGES—



of criminal women who are suffered to assault and oppress the public. I am a woman householder, and neither I nor any other woman whom I know has ever desired the vote, less now than ever. We would not see our country given over to the rule of a band of lunatics who have proved that they are without patriotism and without honour. As your leader writes so expressively puts it, when they 'desire to signalise themselves they do it by destroying beauty.' This course has not the approbation of the main body of women. MILDRED FERRIS, Kensington Court Place, W., March 11.

ON seeing the portrait of the lady of the hatchet it is quite easy to perceive that jealousy was at the root of the attempted destruction of "the most beautiful woman." OLD BODY.

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

No more pictures for a week or two. The suffragettes of the violent type don't want art in their New Community. They've no use for beauty. What's the use of pictures? We want votes. And no doubt many boobies agree with this. The Times for a penny. No excuse now for not being educated. What you think of the change. First Easter eggs laid in a few shops. Your plans for what is annually known as the Exodua.

most cherished possessions there lies a bent and rusty one, which I would not lose for worlds.

HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.

BY THE SEA.

Why does the sea mean evermore? Shut out from heaven it makes its moan, It frets against the boundary shore; All earth's full rivers cannot fill The sea, that drinking thirsteth still.

Sheer miracles of loveliness Lie hid in its unlooked-on bed; Anemones, salt, passionless, Blown flower-like; just enough alive To blow and multiply and thrive.

Shells quaint with curve, or spot, or spikes, Emureted live things argus-eyed, All fair alike, yet all unlike, Are born without a pang, and die Without a pang, and so pass by.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I trust only him perfectly who is occasionally capable of laughing at himself.—Zeno.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE?

What Brings the One or the Other to a Young Man's Life.

ONE thing of which I am certain is this, that in almost every sphere of business life a man must be liked to get on. A man who is liked will be excused when he makes a mistake. If he is not liked, he will be avoided and sacked on any pretext.

I have never met with a grain of sentiment or kind feeling at the hands of any superior man of the numerous business houses in which I have had the fortune—or misfortune—to be engaged.

It seems to me there must surely be some mysterious force at work, outside ourselves, which lays one man low and lifts up another, keeping him happy, contented, prosperous, smiling always his life through. Or is it "in ourselves that we are underlings"—in ourselves to make or mar our lives? Heaven knows! I don't. All I know is that I have tried again, again and again, but hopelessly failed. I blame to a large extent the silly system of education practised in our schools.

You get here a boy born slow, yet peculiarly gifted in one or two subjects. If that boy were made to work on those subjects—if he made one his life's ambition—he would, on leaving school, have at his finger-ends some good to work upon. What do we get? A number of lads who apply for vacancies in City offices, with a knowledge of many things and masters of nothing.

Specialisation is the thing which we want.

H.

AN acquaintance of mine engaged an assistant in his firm's office, and this man turned out to be so smart that he could do nothing wrong. Now, if he had been more artful than clever, he would not have lost his job, for the gentleman of my acquaintance was so alive to his own inferiority that he, in his own words, "gave the new man things upside down to do, so that he would be sure to make mistakes. The governor," he added, "was beginning to notice him too much, which had to be put a stop to."

The above is a sample of the low-down tricks which are practised daily in our City offices.

D. R.

WHEN I first glance at your paper, and turn to the column devoted to the discussion of current topics, of which "Finding a Job" is a decidedly interesting one. Most of the experiences related by your contributors are very instructive and should be of great value to out-of-work.

Had I not come across the letter of "Ambitious," I would certainly have thought that all unemployed are as determined, jovial, happy, and successful as were practically all your correspondents.

Ambitious as he is, your correspondent, apparently, does not realise that he should be the first to apply his own piece of advice. He is only nineteen years of age and admits that he knows nothing. Why on earth then does he not "take up a profession or trade where everything depends on his own application"? Would it not be better for him to adopt the course he advocates rather than waste any more time by completing his apprenticeship? The general term of a clerk's apprenticeship being five years, is it conceivable that a really "ambitious" young man should have learned nothing during such a long period? R. N.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 12.—Where dahlias were lifted in the autumn and stored under cover for the winter, the tubers must now be attended to.

Some gardeners plant the entire clump straight in the ground, but the usual way is to place the tubers in a warm frame (covering them with a little soil) and wait for young shoots to sprout. These are then taker off and inserted round the edge of a pot as cuttings. When well rooted they should each be placed in a small pot. If this is done some nice little plants will be available for setting out early in June.

Another way is to pot up small tubers and grow them on.

E. F. T.

WELCOMING THE DEPORTEES' FAMILIES.



Miss Mary Macarthur welcomes Mrs. Bain on behalf of the women workers.



The breakfast party at Waterloo, where speeches were made.

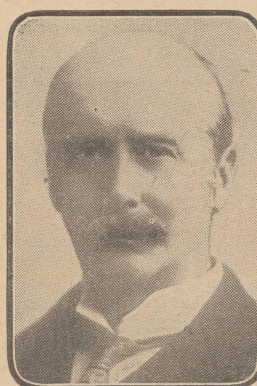
The wives and families of Messrs. Poutsma, Bain and Watson, three of the South African deported labour leaders, arrived at Southampton from Capetown yesterday, and proceeded to London. Mrs. Poutsma was entered on the liner's passengers' list as "Care of British Government."—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

FUTURISTS AT ARTISTS' REVEL.



Nine merry Futurists at the Artists' Revel Costume Ball, which broke up early yesterday at Covent Garden. The party described their period as "Futurist, 2014." It was a very gay and joyful function.

NEW APPOINTMENT.



Mr. George Cave, K.C., M.P. for Kingston (Surrey), who was yesterday appointed Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, in succession to Lord Parmoor.

Slit Skirts Condemned.

EXAGGERATED EXAMPLE.



A campaign is being waged in France against the "immoral tendency" of modern feminine fashions, and the slashed skirt is condemned. In this new Paris dress the slit is very pronounced.

DRESS REHEARSAL FOR TINY ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.



Columbine gets on a chair to put on the powder.



Harlequin gives Columbine a ride on her back.

Columbine and Harlequin and a number of other youthful actors and actresses were busy yesterday afternoon, for it was the dress rehearsal of the performance of act-and dancing which the pupils of the Misses Madge and Dorothy Thorne will give



Quite the professional touch. Columbine arranging her dress before the glass.



Baby Heath and Jack Timmis in the pyjama scene.



Fastening her shoe. They are Sylvia and Josey Harris.

at the Cosmopolis Theatre, High Holborn, to-night and to-morrow night. Columbine is Phyllis Smith and Harlequin Phyllis Brodwick. A number of professional children, who are exceedingly clever, will appear.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

FOXES' TROPHIES.



foxes' brushes worn by at a meet of the Cottes-Hunt, which took place at Langham, Rutland.

MATTRESS AS RAFT AND BOLSTER AS LIFEBELT.



The bolster and mattress.



Captain Scott on mattress.



Leaving the mattress.

Captain T. A. Scott giving a demonstration with an unsinkable mattress and bolster lifebelt. The mattress is capable of carrying a person weighing 14st. to 15st.

SLASHER SENTENCED.



Mary Richardson, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for wilfully damaging the famous Rokeby Venus.



Enormous Success of HOME FASHIONS

The NEW Penny Monthly Dress Paper

In the train, on the tram, at afternoon tea parties, between the acts at the theatre, at luncheon in the City, at the office, in the home—**everywhere**, the chief topic of conversation is the amazing success of "HOME FASHIONS," the NEW money saving dress paper which has become famous in a day.

280,000 Copies Sold The Day After Publication

From the very first moment "HOME FASHIONS" was on sale the demand was immense and many newsagents had sold out their stock in a few hours and were frantically crying out for more. Machines have been kept working night and day so that no one should be disappointed, and bundle after bundle of papers has been despatched all

over the country at all hours. Never has there been a rush like it. Have you seen "HOME FASHIONS" yet? If you haven't, secure a copy NOW. Everything possible has been done to keep the shops and bookstalls fully supplied, but delays are dangerous, and if you don't hurry you may have to WAIT a day or two longer.

ORDER TO-DAY!

If your newsagent is still without any copies of "HOME FASHIONS" ask him to order one for you. Everyone who has seen it agrees that this new monthly dress paper is the best penny-worth they have ever come across and it would be a pity if you were to miss it! Order "HOME FASHIONS" to-day if you cannot buy it anywhere.

No. 1

Now on Sale



100 DESIGNS

for Spring wear, pages for the big girl, suitable styles for the matron, fancywork, underclothing, fashions in colours, two hundred cash prizes for working a simple crochet design; in fact, attractions without end appear in "HOME FASHIONS," the valuable New dress paper that leads the way to better dressing at lower cost and saves you time and money both.

No. 1

Now on Sale

NEW SERIAL.

N.B.—BEGIN THIS ROMANCE TO-DAY. THE MOST INTIMATE STORY EVER WRITTEN.

NEW SERIAL.

The Story of a Woman's Heart

WHAT THE FIRST CHAPTERS TELL.

ELAINE CASSILIUS, the bride of twenty-three, who tells the story, opens with a wonderful picture of the love and devotion that fill a woman's heart in the first days of her marriage. For months it is a joy to be the bond slave of handsome

ROBERT CASSILIUS, her husband, who goes daily to business in the city; and she finds

PETER ROSS, a brilliant, witty, and charming, who Robert brings to dinner, delightful in spite of his ugliness. Then just when Elaine's happiness is at its height, a shattering blow falls upon her. She awaits Robert one evening with great tidings. She is to become a mother. But instead of her husband comes a telegram saying he has been summoned on urgent business to Scotland.

A letter marked "Immediate" comes for him next day, and she opens it. It is teeming with passionate protest of love. At first she thinks it must be a horrible, a monstrous mistake. But she finds three more letters in the same handwriting, all addressed to him at their home, and she is driven to the conclusion that the paradise she has been living in is a paradise. When the first shock is over, she seeks out the writer,

MISS ESBORN, a woman five or six years older than herself, and less good-looking, though pretty. Her house is luxuriously furnished. Miss Esborn refuses to tell why she has written the letter. "There is nothing to explain," she declares.

Elaine returns home in despair. Robert will be back that evening. To her amazement Miss Esborn calls just before he is due. Elaine runs up to her room and finds the letter determined to confront Robert and the woman with them. Robert, entering unheeded, finds her there.

She repels him. "What do you want?" she asks. His face is white and haggard. "Go to the woman who wrote that and that and that," she retorts, flinging down the letters one by one on the dressing-table before him, and she leads him in a bewildered state downstairs to the dining-room, where Miss Esborn waits.

As she throws open the door she shrinks back in horror. Miss Esborn is lying rigid on the floor, her face upturned, her hands tightly clenched, her lips blue.

Those who have read "The Daily Mirror" leaflet containing the first instalment should begin here—

Miss Esborn is not dead, as they at first thought. But so terrible to Elaine is the picture of her husband bending tenderly over the stricken woman that she refuses to help him in bringing her round. Robert stares aghast at her with a wild question in his eyes.

"Elaine, what has happened?" he demands while they are awaiting the arrival of a doctor. "Ask your friend," she replies, thrusting him aside and leaving the room.

Robert tells her that Miss Esborn is recovering, but he has arranged that she should stay over night in the house. "If I go," he says, "I go," replies Elaine. Robert looks puzzled and dazed, but finally declares that Miss Esborn must stay.

Elaine leaves her home, her last glimpse of her husband showing him kneeling with every appearance of tenderness and solicitude beside the couch on which Miss Esborn lay. For a fortnight she lives alone with her misery in a little room in Lambeth. Then she decides that Robert must be told of the child to come. She goes to his office, passionately hoping by the time she reaches it he might be put straight. But when she reaches his office in the City an old clerk tells her: "He has given up his business, miss, and he and Mrs. Cassilius went abroad last week."

Days pass before Elaine manages herself to seek the aid of Peter Ross, but he can only bid her "hope for the best." He tells her, however, that her little home is to be sold up, and that night she is impelled to take a last glimpse of the place where she had had her brief spell of radiant happiness.

She arrives at the house, enters the garden and is arrested by a pencil of light across the lawn. Someone was in the house. Was it a burglar? In dread she crosses to the window and, peering through a chink left by the too narrow blind, Elaine beholds her husband! He is haggard and weary as he stands there in the drawing-room, his gaze directed at the desk in a vacant stare. Suddenly she walks resolutely to the desk, and from a drawer takes out a revolver.

Elaine, helpless and distraught, sees her husband place the barrel to his forehead.

Elaine is about to beat on the window, when Miss Esborn enters the room, and Robert slips the revolver into his coat pocket. Elaine overhears a passionate interview, in which Agatha Esborn protests her love for Robert. "You will tell me," cries Miss Esborn. But Robert will hear nothing about his wife. "I shall find my wife," he says. "She'll

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INFLUENZA CURED IN A DAY.

A grateful letter from Mr. A. J. Doherty, Farragh, Co. Donegal, is worth repeating— "About a week ago I had the effect of Kephaldol on a friend suffering badly from influenza, getting him to take tablets at intervals of an hour and a half, the result being that next day he was up and at his usual work, as well as ever in his life. I have tested Kephaldol on a number of my friends, and it has been found to be so prompt and permanent in its effects as Kephaldol."

There seems no doubt the enormous demand which Chemists are having for Dr. Stohr's Kephaldol is based upon a reason similar to that of Doherty's. No Influenza attack can resist this grand preparation.—(Adv.)

come back to me." Elaine's bruised heart rejoices—her husband loves her still.

Miss Esborn is able to have Robert arrested owing to a technical breach of the law regarding money she lent him to put into his business. She threatens to have a warrant issued unless Robert will renounce his wife for her. Robert refuses to do so, when Miss Esborn gives him until the next day to decide.

Elaine, still peering through the chink in the blinds, sees her rival depart and her husband, with a cry of anguish, sink into a chair before the desk. Elaine thrusts open the French window and steps into the room. She breathes his name, "Robert!" and takes the revolver from him. He takes her in his arms, and she clings to him. He tells her how he has searched for her in vain, and how he had to lay in hiding, as he suspected that Miss Esborn had applied for a warrant for his arrest.

Next morning they decide that Robert must go to France, where Elaine is to join him as soon as she has sold her jewellery.

Robert departs, and as he steps on to the footpath Elaine sees a man lay his hand on his shoulder. Through the open window she sees come to her.

"I am a police officer, and have orders to serve a warrant for your arrest!"

Dazed by the fearful shock, Elaine loses consciousness. When she recovers there is no sign of Robert, the man who had arrested him. She springs to her feet; she must save Robert, she must humiliate herself by pleading for mercy from Miss Esborn.

During the interview Miss Esborn tortures Elaine with her cruel taunts, and at last delivers her terms—

"Give him up to me—give Robert up to me—and I will withdraw the warrant!"

Elaine, in a blind plea, consents to the terrible conditions. But, on returning to her lodging, she realises that the bargain is an impossible one. "A woman cannot break her marriage vows for any reason on earth!" she cries.

She returns to Miss Esborn's house to withdraw her promise, and is shown into the empty drawing-room. Minutes pass, and nervously she walks up and down. The name "Cassilius" starts up, or from a letter on the desk. The contents might be helpful to Robert! At this thought she cannot restrain herself, and taking the letter from the desk she begins to read.

The letter, which is unsigned and bears no address, is from Miss Esborn, that she must contrive to have Robert imprisoned or else drive him abroad, so that his ruin may be complete. Elaine also learns that Miss Esborn is being well paid by the unknown writer to work against Robert!

The next she has read the letter a maid enters the room and tells Elaine that Miss Esborn has gone out. Elaine leaves the house. She must go to Robert, for he alone can explain the mystery. But Robert has been liberated!

For the next few months Elaine endures the torments of suspense, loneliness, and poverty, and in the humble lodging, her baby—a boy—is born.

"OUT OF THE NOWHERE INTO HERE."

WHEN the young doctor, with his fair hair and pink face, stood at the bedside and congratulated me on the birth of my son, I raised my eyelids, the lowered them again and passed into a dreamy reverie.

The world was full of peace. How tranquil, calm and warmly luxurious everything seemed to be. I vaguely in my heart remembered the landlady, and even Mrs. Bristow herself. Through it all I was aware of the little newborn life.

In the semi-dreamy state of those early hours I tried, again and again, to tell myself that I was a mother; that the greatest thing in the world had happened, and that my boy was born to me! But, somehow, I could not believe it, and it was only a day or two after that I awoke to the full comprehension of everything.

Then, for the first time, I seemed to take in the poorness of my surroundings. The cheap iron bedstead, the plain chest of drawers, with its rickety mirror on the top. Then the tall, narrow window looking out into the dingy street.

And these were the surroundings into which my boy had made his appearance into the world!

Slowly I began to marvel at the change in my former thoughts of Robert. In the darkest hours before the child was born I remember that I had called aloud for him, again and again.

"Robert! Robert!" I had called. And Mrs. Bristow had her hand in her fingers—her clayey face had looked into mine—and her hard, jet-like eyes had stared into mine. She had said things to me which I could not understand! Nothing in those hours of anxiety seemed to penetrate my mind. I was aware only of my utter friendlessness—of the fact that among strangers and in utter poverty my boy was to be born.

Yes, I had suffered acutely. But now I had, as it were, stepped into a new world. And on the afternoon of the second day I held my boy to me and wept over him. . . . Robert's boy and mine!

Mrs. Graham came up to see me, and she paid me compliments about the baby's looks. But I was not to be deceived. He was no beauty, and I loved him all the more because he was not. For I knew that he was bound to be handsome and strong like his mother, Robert's son!

Then at the thought of this my heart would fail me, and I would clasp the little fellow to my side and try to forget the awful loneliness and desolation of our position.

And so it went. I began to say "our" and "we" when I referred to myself and the boy. And gradually my first feeling of curiosity in

regard to him—of interest and wonder in the fact that this little thing was part of me—began to change, began to grow into an intense and passionate love. I think our lonely and forlorn condition made me love him even more than I should have done if he had come to me in all the panoply of fine ribbons and lace that would have greeted him if Robert and I had remained together—if we had never heard of Miss Esborn and if Robert's business had been as it was when we married.

Of course, Peter Ross came to see me very soon—three weeks after the baby was born, in fact.

I was up again, and was seated, very weak, in an armchair Mrs. Graham had brought up. "And funds—how are funds?" he asked after he had seated himself and had talked a little.

I had to confess that they were low. "I can last out for a month or two," I told him. Then I asked him if he had been able to do anything to discover the writer of the letter that I had seen on Miss Esborn's desk.

I had felt all along that the letter was of vital significance to Robert and me. It showed clearly that Robert's ruin had been brought about by some business enemy. Who was this business enemy? Who was the man who wrote to Miss Esborn and charged her with neglecting her work—the work of ruining Robert?

"Mrs. Cassilius," he said, "I think I am on the right track at last. I can promise that you will hear something satisfactory in a day or two!"

This was all he could tell me, and I was obliged to make the best of it for the present.

Late next evening when the house had grown quiet and I was sitting looking dreamily into the fire, a knock at the street door suddenly startled me. I heard Mrs. Graham's hurrying footsteps, then voices, and presently the sound of someone ascending the linen-coloured staircase.

I was listening intently now, for the footsteps were not the footsteps of Peter Ross, and yet somebody accompanying Mrs. Graham was ascending to my room!

There came a pause upon the landing, and the sound of Mrs. Graham's footsteps descending the stairs. A moment later someone knocked at my door. A feeling of apprehension, of fear, suddenly seized me! Then, after a brief hesitation, I took the key in my hands, crossed the room, and threw open the door.

In the dark frame of the doorway stood the figure of an old, bent, white-haired man—who stood blinking at me, apparently dazzled by the light from my room. He was bent double, but I was even more bewildered and astonished. For the figure before me was that of Parsons, Robert's old clerk, whom I had seen only once before in my life.

"Mr. Parsons!" I exclaimed, and stepped back into the room to permit him to enter.

For a moment he hesitated on the threshold, then moved slowly forward, and I saw how awfully he had grown since our last meeting. The buttons on his long, shiny morning coat were frayed, his ungloved hands were red with cold, and he wore no overcoat, despite the coldness of the night.

He came into the room, rubbing his hands together, and it was only after a moment that his vague gaze concentrated on my face; and suddenly his bent figure grew almost erect; he stared at me for a long minute, recognising with amazement the woman he had seen at the door of Robert's office. The fact seemed utterly to confound him. His poor, bewildered mind grew confused, and he began to falter out:

"It is—but—there's some mistake. I came to see Mrs. Cassilius!"

"I am Mrs. Cassilius," I answered, as calmly and kindly as I could.

He shook his head at that, and stared at me with rather a frightened light in his eyes.

Then the woman in me rose up, and I took possession of him. I went to him, and leading him to a chair by the fire seated him in it.

There is no mistake, Mr. Parsons," I said. And in a few minutes the old clerk began to pull himself together.

"Of course not, of course not," he said. "Mr. Ross sent me."

"Yes, yes," I interjected, "Mr. Ross is a friend of mine."

"He sent me about a letter, madam"—he had paused a minute, during which his old eyes had scanned my face—"about a letter, madam," he repeated.

"Yes, Mr. Parsons," I said, encouragingly, "and do you think you will be able to help us?"

"He knew then that there was no mistake."

"Help, madam?" he said. "It is my help, madam, that I want to tell you about the letter."

"And that fact enough! Mr. Ross has told me everything that has happened to Mrs. Cassilius."

"And the letter?" I prompted, fearing he was about to wander, and the letter?

"That," said the old fellow, sitting up with a sudden access of vigour and striking his hand on his knee, "that was written by the man who ruined

(Continued on page 13.)

TO DEVELOP THE BUST.

A simple, safe and harmless way in which any lady may make her bust more perfect, increase her bust development from 2in. to 5in. in a few weeks is to take 20 grains of phormoid, a standard concentrated food product, just before each meal. For convenience, it is best to ask your chemist to supply you with a small bottle of the standard phormoid tablets which contain 20 grains each. For 3s. 9d. you can get enough to last you two weeks, during which time your bust should develop from 1in. to 2in. Many ladies report 5in. development in four weeks, and in the best appointed factories in the Kingdom. Phormoid is pleasant to the taste.—(Adv.)



Odol
The World's Dentifrice

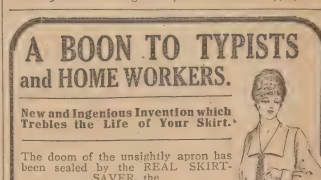
If people who have not yet used Odol had any idea of its marvellous effects, they would become enthusiastic supporters of Odol, as thousands and thousands of people already are.

Price 1/6 per flask, of Chemists, Stores and Perfumers everywhere. Large size (more economical), 2/6.

A BOON TO TYPISTS and HOME WORKERS.

New and Ingenious Invention which Trebles the Life of Your Skirt.

The doom of the unsightly apron has been sealed by the REAL SKIRT-SAYER, the



"Skirt-Tecto."

You can now preserve a neat and stylish appearance at home or in the office, and keep your skirt from getting shabby, soiled or stained by means of this smart and economical invention. The "Skirt-Tecto" is made in a moment with patent clips, covers all round, and sits close into the waist, adding very considerably to the elegance of the figure. It is made in white and durable Black Alpaca or Black Cashmere in all sizes. Price 1/11. Only 1/11. Buy one today from your draper, or send to us by postal note.

ALFRED A. CROFTON & CO.,
9, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, London.

GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR.

Make it thick, glossy, wavy, luxuriant and remove all dandruff.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant, and appears as soft, lustrous, and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, for ever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, get a 1s. 1/6 bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any Chemist, and just try it.—(Adv.)



EYES GROW BRIGHT
when they alight on

'Golden Shred' Marmalade.

The purest, clearest and brightest Orange Preserve, made under the most hygienic conditions, in the best appointed factories in the Kingdom. ROBERTSON-ONLY MAKER.

DANCES AND DRILL TO SHOW DRESS FREEDOM

Striking Features at "The Daily Mirror" Demonstration To-day on Girls' Fashions.

Readers of *The Daily Mirror* who have not applied for reserved seats at to-day's great demonstration of "Children's Fashions" at Messrs. Ponning's, High-street, Kensington, should come as early as they possibly can after lunch.

The lecture-demonstration will begin at three o'clock in the mantle department on the first floor, the whole of which has been set aside for the display. Reserved seats, for which tickets have been issued, will be kept until 2.45 p.m., but a large number of extra seats will be placed at the disposal of other readers who may have found it difficult to arrange beforehand to attend.

An attractive programme has been drawn up for the entertainment of our visitors, for in addition to the display and explanation of the very newest fashions for children, there will be vocal and instrumental music, dances to illustrate the daintiness and freedom of dance dresses for girls, and physical drill to show the practical advantages of the pretty new gymnastic costumes.

Here are some of the interesting creations to be worn:

GIRL OF FOUR—New satin tunic in rose du Barry, for wear when out with mother. One of the very few high-waisted children's fashions of the season. Elaborately hand-embroidered. Satin is quite a new material for this kind of frock.

ROSE DU BARRY bonnet, embroidered to match, with white silk crepe facings, easily removable for washing.

ANOTHER GIRL OF FOUR—Simple muslin frock, with pleated bodice, easily laundered, the pleats being ironed straight down. Smart Bulgarian sash.

GIRL OF SIX—Black and white check paletot piped cherry; long waist, straight lines. Smartly trimmed with

satin rever front, silk ball buttons. A new point is that it is equally suitable for indoor or outdoor wear.

SIX TO TWELVE YEARS—Blue drill or navy serge school suit. Practical three-piece garment put on and taken off as one. Gives plenty of room and air for the new season of "children's freedom."

GIRL OF TEN—Daring brocade paletot in the new tango woollen brocade. For visiting. Can be worn for many weeks without showing signs of usage.

Suits in black and white check, piped cherry, for school, shopping or any other occasion.

ANOTHER GIRL OF TEN—School tunic of navy serge, removable cuffs and collar of silk tulle, with embroidery edging. Four inches of hem to let down as the girl grows. Wide double box-pleat, which prevents creases and "shininess."

GIRL OF TWELVE—Zouave dress. New, as applied to girls. Washable cuffs and collar. The kilt and sleeves are mounted on an under-bodice. Gives absolute freedom, and so matter how much the child throws her arms about, the garment will keep its "fresh" appearance.

Buttons in front.

FOURTEEN TO EIGHTEEN YEARS—Tailored sports suit in blue and brown check. Coat mounted on yoke back and front, giving the warmth necessary after vigorous exercise. Skirt unbuttoned at the front.

TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN YEARS—Golf suit of green and brown check. Green coat to contrast, fitted with big practical pockets. Does not crease however roughly used. Skirt unbuttoned all the way down (or up).

TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—Blanket serge sports coat in rose or overalid. Takes place of, and is warmer than, former knitted coat.

The discarding of superfluous clothes in the quest for "freedom," general alike among grown-up women and young girls, extends even to the infant of two, whose modern toilettes is in striking contrast to that of a little time ago. Here is an example:—

TWO-YEAR-OLD GIRL.
YESTERDAY—Vest, chemise, "binder" (yard and a half long), flannel petticoat, white petticoat, cashmere frock.

TO-DAY—Woven combination stay band made to fit, in inches. Woollen petticoat, muslin frock.

This much modified infant attire, declare the experts, yields plenty of warmth, while it is more hygienic and gives the freedom so greatly desired by all ages.

MASCULINE OUTLINE IN NEW TAILOR-MADES



A new tailor-made in pretty-coloured "golfino" showing the masculine cut of jacket and waistcoat. The waistcoat is of rose-pink piqué.

While Men Begin to Pleat Trousers, Parisiennes Take to Loose Coats and Short Skirts.

A distinct change of outline is shown by the new models created by the leading Parisian tailors. They seem to have adapted the loose, easy-fitting line of a man's suit to feminine "tailors."

Jackets are quite loose. They are made of covert coating, serge, whipcord and unobtrusive Scotch plaids. They have very neat collars, revers, turned-back cuffs and pockets. Skirts to match are all made slightly full at the waist in front, and the latest idea is that these skirts should be quite short in order that the smart boots, or shoes, may be seen.

It is rather interesting to realise that many of the specially fashionable men's tailors in Paris are pleating the waists of their evening trousers! At the Boulevard theatres I have already seen several of these strange garments, and certainly the effect is peculiar.

WAISTCOATS LARGE AND LOOSE.

With the tailor-mades above-mentioned a perfect imitation of a masculine waistcoat will be worn. Fashion dictates that these waistcoats shall be large and loose, with no attempt at a waistline.

The most effective material for these gilets is a heavy make of piqué in a pale pastel tint, or in one of the strong shades of blue, green or orange which are now so fashionable. In my sketch I have indicated a waistcoat of this order. The "ligne" is loose and careless, and special notice must be taken of the fact that it is fastened with tiny jet ball buttons.

Coarse canvas and a new make of tissue éponge, which has hair stripes running through it, are ideal materials for these waistcoats, and the Parisian tailors are using rows of gold "page" buttons or small balls of crimson enamel which closely resemble ripe cherries.

For tailor-mades in Scotch plaid a less striking style of waistcoat must be chosen, as the plaid material is in itself sufficiently remarkable. In this connection white piqué dotted with black pin spot is rather fascinating; or plain putty coloured linen.

FRENCH "SPORT" GIRL

In Paris they are very fond of talking of "le Sport." It ranks with "le footing." And this season the ultra-smart tailors are doing wonderful things for "le sport" girl. In the first place she is being given large pockets at either side of her short skirt. I hasten to say that these pockets are not supposed to have any use save that of carrying a pair of hands covered with gauntlet gloves in white chambray or doekin.

A propos these gloves, the correct thing is to have them very heavily stitched down the backs with black silk.

PARISIENNE.

A NEW TEA.

A Tea which not only possesses a most delicious flavour but which is recommended by medical men is that recently placed on the market by Messrs. Horne and Sutton. The new Tea-Buds provide a beverage which is an aid to digestion, acts as a nerve tonic, and is most economical, as 1lb. is equal to 2lb. of the ordinary Tea, which practically reduces the cost of 1s. 9d. below 1s. per lb. In social circles this new Tea has caused quite a sensation, and the usual remark of visitors who have never tasted it before is "Where can I get this delicious 'Tea-Bud'?" A liberal offer of a *free* 12s. sample on payment of postage. (2d.) is made *to-day* to all readers mentioning this paper and addressed to Messrs. Horne and Sutton, Dept. M.I., 5-8, Water Lane, Great Tower St., London.—(Adv.)

Neglected cough or cold.

Lung trouble often arises from the neglect of a simple cold or cough or from infection when in a weakened and "run down" condition. A course of SCOTT'S strengthens the lungs, protects against colds and coughs, and builds up every part of the body to resist or overcome weakness, disease, infection and the influences of winter weather.

"Early last year my patient had lung trouble; she was losing weight, only 5 stone and 18 years of age and had a slight hæmorrhage from the lungs. From the first bottle of SCOTT'S Emulsion she improved and gained in weight. I saw her a few weeks ago, and she seemed in the best of health and stronger with no sign of the tubercular trouble. Her weight now is 7 stone." (Signed) Nurse E. M. Walklett, 5 Bath Place, Holywell Street, Oxford. 5/6/13.



TRADE
MARK
on every
Package

For over 200 years cod liver oil has held the foremost place as a curative agent for the treatment of bronchitis, consumption, catarrh and all affections of the throat and chest.—

SCOTT'S Emulsion

furnishes the world's finest cod liver oil in its most palatable and easily-digestible form. But because SCOTT'S has won such a world-wide reputation there are many imitations, which look the same but have not the same curative and healing powers. Therefore, when buying SCOTT'S it is always necessary to see the fish-man on the package—the sign of SCOTT'S quality and strength.

185



THE POWER To Pull Things YOUR Way rests in the force and attraction of your own personality.

It depends upon Brain and Nerve strength, built and sustained by true food elements Nature provides for making vigor of mind.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD.

builds brain as well as body, for it supplies valuable food elements for body-building, including Phosphate of Potash—one of the elements especially necessary to brain nourishment and brain activity.

Grape-Nuts is processed from whole wheat and malted barley, twice baked to make an appetising dish for breakfast, lunch, or supper.

A great many people who *know* have a dish of Grape-Nuts at least once a day.

"There's a Reason."

A TONIC FOR THE NERVES.

Nervous people who have not yet developed a disease that can be recognised and treated by the medical profession have the greatest trouble in finding relief. Irritation, headache, sleeplessness, nervous dyspepsia, all these discomforts make life miserable, but are endured rather than run a doctor's bill without definite hope of recovery.

Every sufferer should know the danger of such a condition of the nervous system. Nervous debility and even paralysis may easily result if the tone of the nerves is not restored.

The one big fact that brings hope and relief is that the nerves can be restored by building up the blood. It cannot be too often repeated that only through the blood can nourishment and medicine reach the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make the blood rich and red, and quickly restore vitality and energy to a weak nervous system. A nervous person who gives these Pills a trial is almost certain to see good results and, what is more, the benefit will be lasting because the trouble is attacked at its root. Thin blood makes weak nerves; building up and refreshing the blood restores the nerve force.

Headaches affected me and my nerves got into a shocking state," says Mrs. E. Jewell, of 13 Bow-street, Stratford, London, E. "Doctors' treatment did not seem to help me much. I suffered from anæmia, and could not digest ordinary meals; nausea followed everything I ate. Seldom I got a good night's rest; I was restless and frequently had nightmare.

"It was fortunate a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Almost from the first I got relief. After a week or two my appetite began to improve; I slept better at nights; all aches and pains went away and my nerves were wonderfully strengthened. I continued taking these Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was soon free from anæmia and nerve troubles.

Get a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day either from your dealer or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, post free for 2s. 9d. per box, or 13s. 9d. for six boxes.

Write to the Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, for a free copy of the instructive book, "Diseases of the Nervous System."—(Adv.)

HOW TO DEVELOP THE BUST.

A Physician's Advice to Thin Women.

It is no wonder that a woman with a well-developed bust is always the centre of admiration when the great majority of ladies these days are so thin, flat-chested and scraggy. It is silly for a woman to let false pride keep her from enjoying to the full the charms of perfect womanhood. A woman can easily be obtained by a process that will positively be of benefit to her general health. It does not matter how thin or flat-chested a woman may be, if she is over 16 years of age, and under 50, she can have a bust that will be the envy of all her sex.

All that it is necessary for her to do is to take an ordinary Sargol Tablet three times a day after meals. This is the simplest, surest, safest and most reliable method known to science. It acts quickly, gives a natural development, makes the bust firm and beautiful, and gives even the most scraggy woman a pretty and attractive neck and shoulders.

Any chemist will supply these tablets at 2s. 6d. per box, and a development of 6 or 7 inches is often reported in 15 or 20 days.—(Adv.)

"TIZ" for Tired and Sore Feet.

TIZ for puffed-up, aching, perspiring feet and for corns—TIZ is glorious!



"My feet just ache for TIZ."

When your poor, suffering feet sting from walking, when you try to wriggle your feet away from the leather of your shoes, when shoes pinch and feel tight, when feet are swollen, sore, chafed—don't experiment—just use TIZ. Get instant relief. TIZ puts peace in tired, aching, painful feet. Ah! how comfortable your shoes feel! Walk five miles, feet won't hurt you, won't swell after using TIZ. Sore, tender, perspiring feet need TIZ because it's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous excretions which puff up the feet and cause foot torture. TIZ is the only remedy that takes pain and soreness right out of corns, hard skin and bunions. Get a 1s. 1d. box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores. Get a whole year's foot comfort for only 1s. 1d. Think of it!

NEW SERIAL.

The Story of a Woman's Heart

THE MOST INTIMATE STORY EVER WRITTEN.

(Continued from page 11.)

us—who ruined me, and Mr. Cassilis, and all of us! If you only knew how we used to fight him night and day we used to fight to keep him back! But he had the money and the power! And he wasn't honest like my master—God bless him! And so at last he beat us down, and down, and down!"

The colour had come into the old fellow's face and his eyes were aghast.

"If I had been a younger man, Mrs. Cassilis!" He paused. "And I seized the moment to question him slowly and dolefully. He fell into thought for a minute; then his eyes sought mine."

"His name, madam," he repeated in answer to my low-spoken question, "his name is Tiffany Riley."

The name conveyed very little to me. I remembered it was something I had heard in the past, and that was all.

"Tiffany Riley?" I repeated.

"He was our only rival, madam, and he didn't play fair. Scores and scores of times Mr. Cassilis would say to me: 'Parsons, if he'd only play fair, we'd beat him yet!'"

Suddenly the old man bent forward again; the fire seemed to die out of his eyes and he shook his head slowly and dolefully. He fell into thought for a minute; then his eyes sought mine.

"It was grand, madam, the way Mr. Cassilis used to fight—the way he used to work! And I used to work, too, and we all did—there was never a master like him. And when his courage died out of his face in the end I felt as if my heart was broken. But it was after the early days of his marriage with you, madam, that the fight was grand!" He used to come to the office every morning with a flower in his buttonhole. And when we used to work late he used to say to me: 'Parsons, I'm not fighting for myself now, you old rascal! And then we used to both laugh, and go on again.'

I was telling me of Robert and the animated look had come back into the old lined face. He was full of enthusiasm, and I could read between the lines how splendid Robert had been to him—what a hero he was to the old fellow—and I sat and listened and listened, drinking in every word he uttered with a full heart. He told me of Tiffany Riley, who had been Robert's rival in business—how ruthless and unscrupulous he was.

And when at length he told me all he knew, he rose to go, and we shook hands at parting. I had gathered from his talk that since Robert went away he had been out of employment, and it seemed no special vision to see how poor he was. I took him to the head of the stairs, and we shook hands again.

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 118.



A portrait which will delight the eye of every lover of feminine beauty. Prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete lists of names of the originals with the best summary of their merits at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the portraits appear.—(Hassano.)

SEE IF THE CHILD'S TONGUE IS COATED.

Mother, Don't Hesitate! If Your Child Is Cross, Feverish, Constipated, Give "California Syrup of Figs."

Look at your child's tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that the little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, unable to sleep, doesn't eat, or act naturally; or if it is feverish, with a disordered stomach and tainted breath, or has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea or the "stiffness" caused by a cold, give a tea-spoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste-matter, undigested food and sour bile gently move out of the little bowels without griping, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative"; they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeiters' sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs." 1s. 1d. and 1s. 9d. per bottle.—(Adv.)

BEGIN IT TO-DAY.

and this time I slipped half a sovereign into his hand.

For a minute he looked at me with a startled expression on his face—then unspoken words caught in his throat. He turned and went slowly down the stairs.

"THE RETURN."

AFTER Parsons's visit followed a few weeks of outward tranquillity, but I still continued to lead the life of a hermit, though Mrs. Graham was always urging me to go out. Baby took more and more of my thoughts and my time. But often during the long hours of the night I lay clasping him to my heart and thinking of Robert.

Why had he never written again to me? . . . I believe that there is some unknown sense in the human soul which communicates unconsciously with an absent loved one. Some such sense as this I felt, communicated from me to Robert, in those long, dark heart-breaking months. His life and mine had been indissolubly joined together for ever and ever!

If it had been God's will that he was to be taken from me, surely I should have known—the deep soul of me would have been aware of the fact. And somehow, strange as it may seem, this conviction kept a little spark of hope aglow in my heart. Some day he would come back to me—some day the tangle of our lives would be unwound and I should see Robert's face again. I should hold up to him this boy of his, who was now my only anchorage! For without the boy I knew that I could not have faced it all. For his sake I must be brave, and wait and wait!

Poor Peter Ross, he had almost given up hope of hearing from Robert, and when he came to see me now his cheery words rang hollow and untrue. We both knew it, and in my heart I commiserated with him. He was judging of Robert only from his knowledge of the world—I was judging him out of the deep heart of a loving woman. And God was good to me, for one night as I drew aside the blind and looked out into the narrow, dingy street after I had put the boy to bed, I heard a sharp knock at the door of the house, then Mrs. Graham's voice.

Following this came a knock at my door, and I turned and saw Mrs. Graham there.

"There's a gentleman to see you, ma'am."

And even as she spoke I saw a tall figure behind her. My heart gave a wild, exultant, mad leap—and a moment later a figure enveloped in a long overcoat stepped into the room.

"Robert," I whispered, "Robert."

Another thrilling instalment will appear to-morrow.

HEALTH MADE EASY.

Encyclopædia Giving Medical Knowledge to All—Fortnightly Parts.

A new note in medical books for the home is struck by the "Family Encyclopædia of Medicine," which is now being published in the convenient form of fortnightly parts.

Nothing so complete of its kind has ever appeared before, and nothing so authoritative, the editor, Dr. Riddle, having had assistance in special subjects from a large number of distinguished practitioners.

The various subjects are treated in alphabetical order, and it is stated that an index to the whole work will be supplied in due course.

The day is long past when matters of health and disease were regarded as the exclusive province of the medical man. Nowadays it is everyone's duty to know something about these matters, and it is agreed that the more intelligent knowledge a person has regarding health and disease the more likely he is to attain the one and avoid the other.

Every well-ordered household should have a copy of this useful and instructive guide to health.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

9, BROADGATE, E.C.

The Stock Exchange is still far from cheerful, speculative and investment business remaining at a very low ebb. Rumours of financial difficulties, moreover, are afloat. With a few individual exceptions, price movements yesterday were downward. Consols dropped $\frac{1}{2}$ to 74 $\frac{1}{2}$. Home, American and Foreign Rails were depressed, and Rubber shares were reactionary.

The London portion of the City of Budapest Loan has not been well received, over 80 per cent. of the total of £1,000,000 offered being left with the underwriters.

Among Newspaper prices, Amalgamated Ordinary and Preference were again quoted at 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 22s. respectively, while Associated Newspaper Ordinary and Preference remained at 24s. 3d. and 22s., and Pictorial Newspaper Ordinary and Preference at 23s. and 19s.

SLASHED SKIRT ENDS ROMANCE.

PARIS, March 12.—An amusing story is related in the *Matin* in connection with the crusade against the slashed skirt by society leaders.

A bachelor recently made the acquaintance of a pretty young widow, and everything pointed to the usual happy ending, when the engagement was suddenly broken off by the young man.

"I thought we were suited to one another," he afterwards explained to a friend, "but when I saw a thin leg and skinny calf peeping through her slashed skirt, I thought better of the matter." Voila.

To impart a beautiful and enduring shine to all kinds of leather, making it soft, supple and waterproof

USE

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

THE Polish of Superior Quality.

Tins 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d.

Outfits 6d.

Obtainable of Grocers, Oilmen, and all Dealers.



"Look! Mine are floating! I knew they would; and nurse won't be cross 'cos they're done with CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH and the shine can't come off."

CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD.,
Chiswick, London, W.

BOYS' Bravery
at the Fire on
the Wellesley
Training Ship:
Pictures.

The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

DEPORTEES'
Wives and
Families Arrive in
England: Pictures.

500 MILES OF SUFFERING: ABYSSINIAN ORDERLIES SAVE BRITISH OFFICER'S LIFE.

Success of Our New Serial.

'The Story of a Woman's Heart'

MOST INTIMATE STORY
—EVER WRITTEN.—

BEGIN IT TO-DAY.

FUTURIST DRESS AT A BALL.



Futurist dresses are becoming very popular at fancy dress balls, and there were quite a number at the Artists' Revel. The picture shows one of them.



Helping to destroy a hostile village in Africa. Lieutenant Lloyd Jones. With an Abyssinian orderly. These photographs show Lieutenant Lloyd Jones, who, after being wounded in a fight with Abyssinian raiders in British East Africa, was carried 500 miles on a stretcher. His sufferings were terrible, lockjaw setting in. His life was saved by two Abyssinian orderlies, who repelled a charge by two rhinoceroses.

TERRIER PLAYS PIANO.



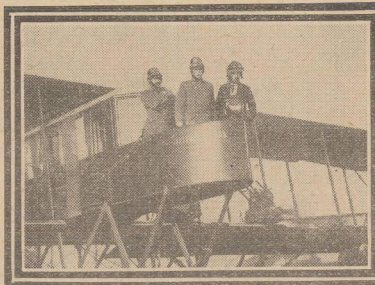
Miss Evelyn D'Alroy, the actress, teaching her Airedale to play the piano. The dog, when told, jumps on the stool and strikes the keys with its paws. He has also been taught to sing.

YESTERDAY'S WEDDING.



Miss Kathleen Goschen (cousin of Viscount Goschen) and Mr. Geoffrey Malcolm Gathorne-Hardy, who were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

TO CARRY TWELVE.



Giant aeroplane which carries eleven passengers and a pilot. This machine and nine similar ones have been ordered by the Russian Government.

MOTORISTS' TRIALS.



Trying to crank up is a damp proceeding if the motorist is in the flooded Thames Valley, where roads are like canals.